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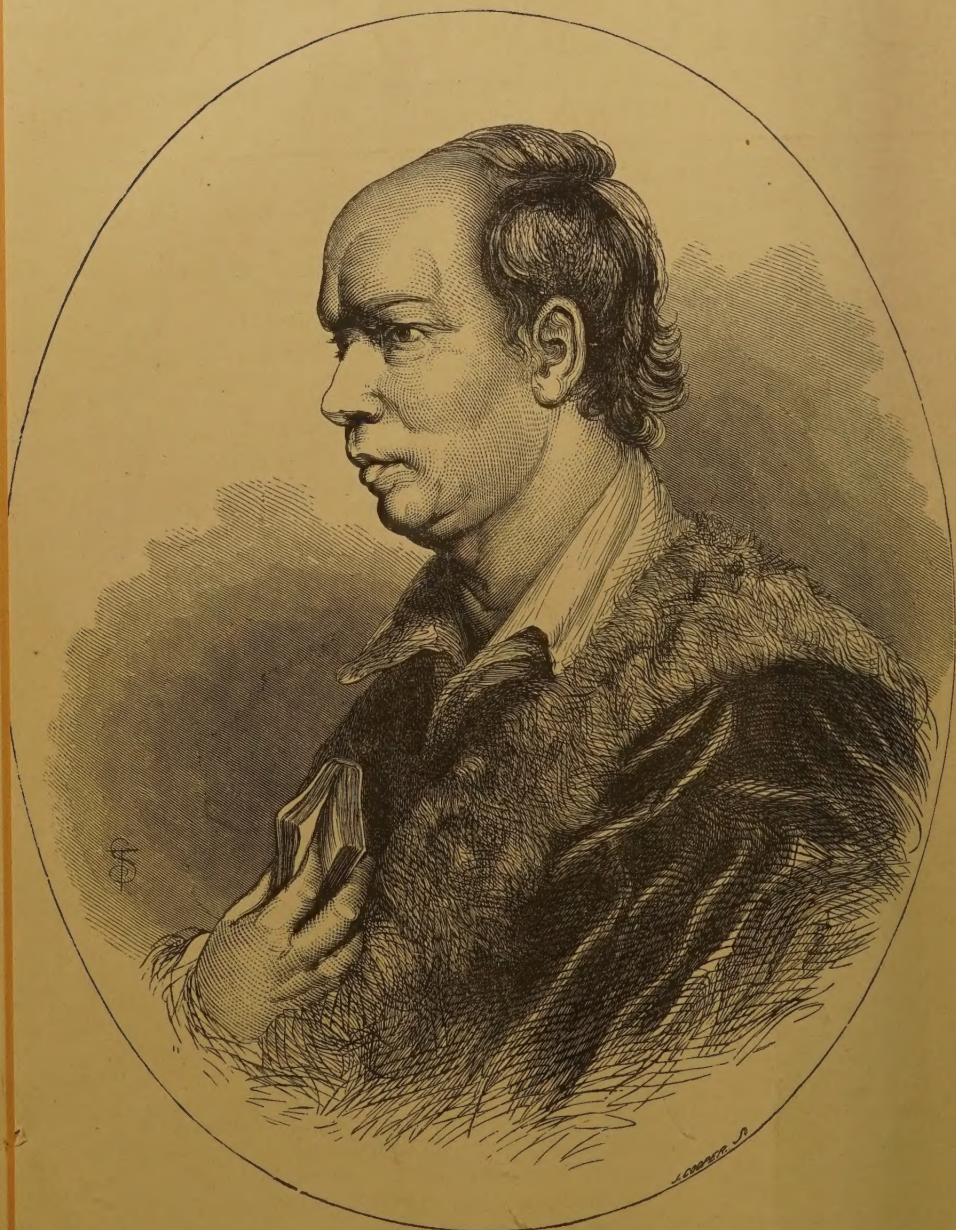
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OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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NO. 2.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY S. J. PARDEE.

President Estabrook, of Michigan State Normal School, loaned me "Rolf's Oliver Goldsmith" last summer, and I found it intensely interesting, but so happily abridged that I had a relish for more of the same subject; therefore, I procured "Maccauley's Goldsmith," and found that also a rich dish. My appetite not yet being satisfied, I read the "Life of Goldsmith, by Forster," then took for dessert "Irving's Biography of Goldsmith," and devoured that.

What was it, you say, that was so fascinating in his life and character? Well, like most poets, there are many things in his character to admire and many more to be deplored. He is far from my ideal of a man, and one whom I would not recommend the youth to imitate; yet there are many things about him which I like. I shall, however, in this short essay endeavor to give you a faint idea of his life and writings. And I may as well remark, right here, that I shall attempt to portray his character as it is, and not as I would like to have it.

Oliver Goldsmith was one of the most pleasing writers of the eighteenth century, and there are few for whom the reader would feel a more personal kindness. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works, the unforced humor, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, mingled at times with a

pleasing melancholy, the easy-flowing, soft-tinted style, possess that familiar sweetness of household expression which wins a welcome alike where the rich inhabit and in huts where poor men dwell. "His productions," says Irving, "sweeten our tempers and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us happier and better men." Says the *New England Journal of Education* of January 15, 1876, "Goldsmith is one of the very first authors to be introduced to a high school class in English literature; for in purity and simplicity of style, copiousness of vocabulary, clearness of diction, and in the power to excite the young to a love of all that is of real worth in literature, Goldsmith has never been surpassed!"

He was born on the 10th day of November, 1728, at the hamlet of Pallas, County of Longford, in Ireland. He sprang from a respectable Protestant Saxon family which had long been settled in Ireland. Some families seem to inherit kindliness and incompetency, and to hand down poverty from generation to generation. Such was the case with the Goldsmiths. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, with hereditary improvidence, when very young and very poor, married a school teacher's daughter, with whom he starved along and raised a family on £40 a year.

While Oliver was still a child, a change came over his father's circumstances. By the death of his

wife's uncle he succeeded to the rectory of Kilkenny West, worth about £200 a year. The family quitted their old abode and removed to Lissoy, in the County of Westmeath, where they occupied a farm of seventy acres, situated on the skirts of that pretty village. Here Oliver was taught his letters by a good old motherly dame who had clucked to the callow brood of Lissoy for fifty years. She pronounced him a dunce, and of course he did not improve much under her tuition. At six years of age he was passed into the hands of the village school-master, Thomas Bryne, a capital tutor for a poet. He had been educated for the pedagogy, but had enlisted in the army and served abroad during Queen Anne's wars; but on restoration of peace, resumed the ferule, and drilled the urchin populace of Lissoy. Goldsmith is supposed to have had him in mind in the following sketch in his deserted village:

"Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around—
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew—
That one small head could carry all he knew."

There are traits in the character of Bryne which are not portrayed in the foregoing sketch. He was fond of talking of his beggarly wanderings in foreign lands, and had brought with him from the wars a host of campaigning stories, and would also astonish his pupils with unpremeditated Irish verses. Oliver loved his teacher, and these tales had a powerful effect upon the vivid imagination of the youth. Let a child be constantly in the company of a person whom he loves and in whom he has unbounded confidence, that person has it within his power to direct the thoughts and mold the character of that child for life. Bryne had Oliver's unbounded confidence, and he awakened in the boy an unconquerable passion for wandering and seeking adventure; and all through life the teachings of this early master can be seen. The small-pox, which scourged Europe at that time, and ravaged the roses off the cheeks of so many faces, fell foul of poor Oliver's face when he was eight years old, and left him scarred and disfigured for life. He was painfully sensitive of his appearance, and it always goaded him. One evening a company of young people had assembled at his uncle's to dance. In the course of the evening Oliver undertook a horrid

pipe. His short and clumsy figure, with his face pitted and discolored by the small-pox, rendered him a ludicrous figure in the eyes of the musician, who made merry at his expense, dubbing him as his *Æsop*. Oliver was nettled by the jest, and stopping short in the hornpipe, exclaimed :

"Our herald has proclaimed this saying, 'See *Æsop* dancing!' and his monkey playing!"

The repartee was thought wonderful for a boy nine years old, and he was crowned victor of the evening.

His uncle, the Rev. Thomas Con-tarine, thinking him possessed of wit and talent, sent him to school. Among boys little tenderness is shown for personal defects, and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance was heightened by his disposition to blunder, which he retained to the last. He became the butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the playground, and flogged as a dunce in the school-room.

In his seventeenth year he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. They pay nothing for food or tuition, but perform menial labor, as sweeping the court, carrying dinner, etc., to pay their way. Goldsmith was quartered in a garret, on the window of which, it is said, his name may still be seen as scrawled by himself. While he suffered humiliation he threw away all the advantages of his situation, neglected studies, stood low upon examination days, was turned to the bottom of his class for playing buffoon in the lecture-room, and reprimanded for pumping a constable.

It was a custom at Trinity College to give several prizes during the year. The one given at the Christmas examination was considered the most honorable. To make

up for disgrace, he studied diligently the remainder of the year and won the Christmas premium (thirty shillings,) the first distinction he had ever gained. This sudden wealth proved too much for his poor head. He immediately gave a dance in his room to some gay youths and damsels from the city, in direct violation to college rules. The music and dancing were heard by one of the professors, who went, in a fit of indignant anger, to Oliver's room and turned the company, head and heels, out of doors, caught the hero of the occasion by the collar, and gave him a most brutal caning. This caused a rupture between young Goldsmith and the college, and the next morning he packed his satchel and departed for home.

Through the mediation of friends he returned, and finally received his degree, fitted for nothing but to dress, play cards, sing Irish airs, fish, and tell ghost stories. He tried five or six professions in turn without success. His uncle had schooled him for a preacher. He applied for ordination, but was speedily turned out of the Episcopal palace; some say because he applied dressed in gay colors and scarlet breeches, while he should have been attired in a garb of suitable gravity; others claim, and I think with truth, that the bishop had been informed of his revels and frolics and songs with the club at Ballymahon. I will submit an extract from one of his songs at the club :

"Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever;
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons forever,
Let some cry of woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your
widgeons;
But of all the gay birds in the air,
Here's health to the Three Jolly Pigeons."

He soon engaged as tutor in a wealthy family, but got into a diffi-

culty over a game of chance with a member of the family and was paid off and discharged. His wandering propensity and desire to see the world being in the ascendancy, he determined to embark for America. Accordingly he went to Cork and bought a ticket for the New World. The wind being unfavorable for the ship to start, our young man went off to a pleasure party, and the ship sailed without him. He then resolved to study law. His uncle furnished him £50 with which he set out for London to enter on his studies at the Temple. Unfortunately, when he got as far as Dublin he was

enticed into a gaming house where he lost all his money the first night. He was so ashamed of this fresh instance of imprudence that he remained some time in Dublin without informing his friends of his destitute condition. They heard of it, and invited him back to the country where he was indulgently forgiven by his uncle, his mother, and his brother, Henry. He spent the summer with his brother Henry, for whom he had a great affection. His first great poem, "The Traveler," was dedicated to this loved brother. It begins thus:

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Schell or wandering Po.

* * * *

Where'er I roam, whatever realm to see,
My heart, untravel'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.
Eternal blessing crown my earliest friend,
And 'round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Bless'd be that spot where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good."

While he was still at his brother's, they received a visit from Dean Goldsmith, of Cloyne. This august dignitary was pleased to discover signs of promise in Oliver, and suggested that, as he had attempted divinity and law without success, he should now try medicine. In the fall of that year (1752,) Henry provided him means to attend the Medical College at Edinburg. He set out, as usual, with the best of intentions, but soon fell into idle, thoughtless, convivial habits. He passed eighteen months at Edinburg, and resolved to finish his education upon the continent. His usual indiscre-

tion attended him at the very outset of his foreign enterprise. He was intending to take passage for Leyden, and to attend the university there, but meeting with six agreeable companions at an inn, who were going to Bordeaux, he took passage with them. He had not passed twenty-four hours in France before he was thrust into prison, where he remained a fortnight. Our hero now had time for reflection, and started for the university at Leyden. He there attended a course of lectures, off and on, for a year, but poverty pinched him. Borrowing what he could, he tried his fortune

at the gaming table, attempted to teach the Hollanders English while he himself was ignorant of the Dutch. Soon tiring of this, he resolved to attend lectures at Paris. His knowledge of the French language was good, and during his brief stay at that city, he became acquainted with Voltaire, of whom, in after years, he wrote a memoir. His time here was about equally divided between lectures and the theatre, and he left without a degree, and with only a smattering knowledge of medicine, with no property except his clothes and his flute.

He set out on foot and wandered through France, Switzerland, and Flanders, playing tunes, which everywhere set the peasantry dancing, and by this means he obtained food and lodging. The account which George, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," gives of his own shifts for a living, is a page from the book of Goldsmith's experience at this time. In 1756 the wanderer landed in Dover, England, without a shilling and without a calling. His flute was not adapted to the ear of rough John Bull; and he was forced to have recourse to a number of desperate expedients. He turned scrolling player, and then figured in a low comedy in a country town in Kent. But his face and figure were ill-suited to the boards of even the humblest theatre. He next joined a swarm of beggars, who made their nest in Street Lane.

Here we see ignorant and worthless Oliver Goldsmith, twenty-eight years old, in the dirt, at the foot of the ladder, without money and without friends! Is it possible that this is the same Oliver Goldsmith whose writings are read and cherished in almost every household in the civilized world? Yes, it is verily so! But did he write these while he was with a swarm of beggars? Of course

not. Did some great change come over him, that made him a new man all at once, and can the change, when it did come, be attributed to some marvelous circumstance? No, not at all. He gradually grew from bad to better, until he became one of the most popular men of his time. Strange, indeed! but tell us more of the strange life of this man, for it must need be interesting.

Well, we next hear of him as usher to a school. The teachers did not like him, but he was something of a favorite among the boys, for he could make music for them, and would treat them as often as he got money. He disliked his new situation very much, and was rejoiced one day to receive a medical appointment in the service of the East India Company. The appointment was speedily revoked. *Why* it was revoked we are not told. It was a subject upon which Goldsmith never liked to talk. Then he presented himself at Surgeon's Hall for examination as mate to a naval hospital. His knowledge of medicine must have been very deficient, as he was found incompetent to fill even so humble a position. If he had any conscience or reason left, it must have stung him to the quick to think that a mind capable of doing so much good in the world, and upon which so much money had been lavished, had wasted all its privileges, and was living to no purpose. These must have been dark and cloudy days; but it was not always thus. The clouds soon broke away and let the glorious sunlight in to lighten up his gloomy, dreary life.

One day, in April, 1757, Goldsmith fell in with one Griffith, publisher of a *Monthly Review* in London, and for a nominal sum, engaged to write for him. He took a garret in a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet

Ditch, by a dizzy ladder of flagstones, called Breakneck Steps. For six years he toiled as a bookseller's hack, never signing his name to his writings, though it became pretty generally known that one, Dr. Goldsmith, was the author of "An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," "The Bee," and "The Citizen of the World;" and his writings were in great demand among the booksellers.

"His style," says Macauley, who was his severest critic, "was pure and easy, and on proper occasions was energetic and pointed. His narrations were always amusing, his descriptions always grotesque, his humor rich and joyous, with an occasional tinge of sadness. About every thing he wrote there was a natural grace and decorum hardly to be expected from a man a greater part of whose life had been passed among thieves, gamblers, and beggars, street-walkers, and merry andrews, in those squalid dens which are the reproach of great capitals."

"How comes it," says an ingenious critic, "that in all the miry paths of his life which he had trod, *no speck ever sullied the robe of his modest and graceful muse*. How amid all that love of inferior company, which never to the last forsook him, did he keep his genius so free from every touch of vulgarity?" Irving answers "that it was owing to the innate purity and goodness of his nature; there was nothing in it that assimilated to vice and vulgarity. Much, too, of this intact purity of heart may be ascribed to the lessons of his infancy under the paternal roof. In all the vicissitudes of his career we find him chastened in mind by the sweet and holy recollections of the home of his infancy." I think in all his writings not a word of vulgarity or impurity can be detected. This speaks well for a writer

of his time, when nearly all literature was sprinkled with obscenity.

He connected the happiness and interests of society with pictures of life that touch the heart by their familiarity. Macauley says, "That in general, Goldsmith's designs were bad, but his execution good. It was not so, however, with 'The Traveler.' No poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble, and at the same time so simple." The plan was simply this: An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near a point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the variety of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our minds.

One day he sent forth this poem with his own name attached, and it at once raised him to the rank of an English classic. The most skillful critics pronounced it one of the finest poems in the language. It became very popular at once, and was in great demand. But while the fourth edition of "The Traveler" was on the counter of the bookseller, "The Vicar of Wakefield" appeared and rapidly obtained a popularity which has continued to our own time.

This success as a novelist emboldened him to try his success as a dramatist. He wrote "The Good Natured Man," a piece which Garrick refused to play. It was acted at Covent Garden, but was coldly received. Goldsmith, however, cleared by the sale of the copyright and by his benefit nights, not less than £500, five times as much as he had made off "The Traveler" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" together.

Soon after appeared the celebrated poem, "The Deserted Village." I do not feel myself competent to review this poem, so will only extract one of the many beautiful passages from it, and then pass on. In describing the village preacher, he says:

"Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt,
for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

He again tried his hand at the Covent Garden with a second play—"She Stoops to Conquer." The manager was with difficulty induced to bring this piece out, after having failed upon Goldsmith's former play. "She Stoops to Conquer" was a droll, incomparable farce in five acts. Upon the first performance of the play Goldsmith's enemies, by groaning and hissing, tried to kill it as they had the other; but pit, boxes, galleries, and all were in a constant roar of laughter. And finally, if any one attempted to groan or hiss, he was speedily silenced by the cry of "Turn him out." Three generations have since confirmed the verdict of that night.

It is but justice to remark here that while Goldsmith was writing "The Deserted Village" and other poems, he was engaged on works of a very different kind—works from which he derived very little reputation, but much profit. He compiled a "History of Rome," for which the booksellers gave him £300; a "History of England" for £600; a "History of Greece," £250; and a "Natural History" for which the booksellers covenanted to pay him 800 guineas. These books he produced

without any elaborate research, by merely selecting, abridging, and translating into his own choice and simple language what he found in books well known to the world, but too bulky and too dry for boys and girls. Macauley allows that "he was a great and perhaps unequalled master of the art of selection and condensation; and in this respect few writers have done more to make the first steps in the laborious road to knowledge easy and pleasant."

His histories were very interesting, but not accurate. He knew nothing accurately; for extensive research and grave disquisition he was not well qualified by nature or education; his reading had been desultory; nor had he meditated deeply upon what he had read. He was nearly hoaxed into putting into his "History of Greece" an account of a battle between Alexander and Montezuma. In his "Animate Nature" he relates with perfect gravity that the cow sheds her horns every two years; also about gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, and nightingales that repeat long conversations. "If he can tell a horse from a cow," says Johnson, "that is the extent of his knowledge of natural history."

In 1770, when the Royal Academy of Painting was established, Goldsmith received the appointment of professor of ancient history. This office, however, was simply honorary.

From the time he sent forth "The Traveler" he rose in reputation and fame, and became the companion of Sir Wm. Chambers, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Boswell, Garrick, Johnson, and other distinguished characters. He aspired to share in their colloquial renown, but never was ambition more unfortunate. It may seem strange that a person who wrote with such perspicuity, vivacity, and grace should have been, when he

took part in conversation, an empty, whose company is more liked." noisy, blundering rattle. But evidence upon this point is overwhelming. So extraordinary was the contrast between his writings and the silly things which he often said, that Horace Walpole described him as an inspired idiot. Chamier declared that it was a hard exercise of faith to believe that such a chatterer could really have written "The Traveler." His intimate friend, Sam. Johnson, probably gives the more truthful description of him as a conversationalist: "What Goldsmith comically says of himself is true—he always gets the better when he argues alone; meaning that he is master of a subject in his study, and can write well upon it. But when he comes into company, grows confused and unable to talk. Yet he says many good things, and there is no man

London's most talented men frequently dined together at St. James' Coffee House. At these dinners Goldsmith was usually the last one to arrive. On one occasion, when he was more dilatory than usual, a whim seized the company to write epitaphs upon him. Garrick hit off the following:

"Here lies poor Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talked like a—pholl."

Goldsmith did not relish the sarcasm, especially as coming from such a quarter. It is not certain that he had ever forgiven David for the refusal of his plays, but *it is certain* that the two were not warm friends. Soon after appeared "The Retaliation," in which, among others, was portrayed the portrait of Garrick.

"Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can;
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
An actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failing, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
And bespattered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reasons on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick.
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.
Of praise, a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish, grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kelleys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave,
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be Rosciused and you were be praised.
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies;
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kelleys above."

This portion of "The Retaliation" soon brought a retort from Garrick, which I will insert as giving something of a likeness of Goldsmith:

"Here Hermes, says Job, who with nectar was mellow,
 Go fetch me some clay, I will make an odd-fellow.
 With right and wrong shall be jumbled
 Much gold and much dross,
 Without cause to be pleased,
 Without cause to be cross ;
 Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
 A great love of truth, yet a mind turned to fictions ;
 Now, mix these ingredients, which warmed in the baking,
 Turned to learning and gaming, religion and raking.
 With the love of a wench let his writing be chaste,
 Tip his tongue with strange matter, his lips with fine taste,
 For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it,
 This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamster, and poet,
 Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
 And among brother mortals be Goldsmith his name,
 When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
 You, Hermes, shall fetch him to make us sport here."

Goldsmith was never married, and his children who implored his charity. Her this, in his case, was a misfortune. Her husband was in the hospital, and she I find the following comment upon just from the country, a stranger, the subject in "Irving's Life of Goldsmith." "Had it been his fate to and destitute, without food or shelter meet a woman who could have loved for her helpless offspring. This was him, despite his faults, and respect too much for the kind heart of Goldsmith. He was almost as poor as him despite his foibles, we can not herself, and had no money in his but think that his life and genius pocket, but he brought her to the would have been much more harmonious ; his desultory affections from his bed to cover her little children, and part of his clothes to sell would have been concentrated ; his craving self-love appeased ; his pursuits more settled ; his character had become cold, cut open the feather more solid. A nature so like Goldsmith's, so affectionate, so confiding, er-tick, and crawled into it. Every so susceptible to simple, innocent body knows the story of that famous "Mistake of a Night." When he enjoyments, so dependent on others, was a lad of sixteen, returning home for the sunshine of existence does from Edgeworth with a guinea in his not flower if deprived of the atmosphere of home." Goldsmith had Ardaugh determined to play the many faults, among which the great man, and with consequential air, interest, if fault it could be called, was quired for the best house in the place, that of generosity and sympathy for called for the landlord's company the poor. Many instances of his over a bottle of wine at supper and generosity are on record, one of ordered hot cakes for breakfast. This which I will give to illustrate that inclination to spend money followed prompt, thoughtless, and often him through life, and he died on the whimsical generosity which formed morning of April 4, 1774, in the 46th so eccentric a point in his character. year of his age, more than £2,000 in

One morning while he was at college one of the students knocked at his door, and was bidden to enter. To his surprise he found Oliver in the feather-bed immersed to his chin in feathers. Late the evening before he had met a woman with five children. The grief felt at his death was widespread and profound. Burke, upon hearing it, burst into tears, and Reynolds refrained from painting a whole day. The literary club, of which Goldsmith had been so long a

member, erected a monument in would leave the world with a char-
 Westminster Abbey. The Latin ep- actor free from stain? What weak
 itaph says that "he left scarcely any heart, confident before trial, may not
 style of writing untouched, and succumb under temptations invinci-
 touched nothing that he did not ble?
 adorn." "He was wild," said John- Think of him, reckless, thriftless.
 son, "but let not his frailties be re- vain, if you like, still you will find
 membered; he was a very great that his sweet and friendly nature
 man." Yes, let us rather forget his bloomed kindly always in the midst
 frailties and weaknesses, and remem- of life's storm, and rain, and bitter
 ber that he was human and had weather. He was never so friendless
 goodness of heart; let us think that he could not befriend some one,
 humbly and charitably of the hu- never so pinched and wretched but
 man nature that suffers so sadly and he could give his crust, and speak
 falls so low. Which one of us, if his word of compassion.
 placed in the same circumstances,

THE WANTS OF MAN.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

"Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."
 'Tis not with *me* exactly so:
 But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and, if told,
 Would muster many a score:
 And were each wish a mint of gold,
 I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread,
 And canvass-backs, and wine,
 And all the realms of nature spread
 Before me when I dine.
 Four courses scarcely can provide
 My appetite to quell;
 With four choice cooks from France beside,
 To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at princely cost,
 Is elegant attire;
 Black sable furs for winter's frost,
 And silk for summer's fire,
 And cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
 My bosom's front to deck,
 And diamond rings my hands to grace,
 And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,
 Affectionate and fair;
 To solace all the woes of life,
 And all its joys to share,
 Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
 Of firm, yet placid mind;
 With all my faults to love me still
 With sentiment refined.

And as time's car incessant runs,
 And fortune fills my store,

I want of daughters and of sons
 From eight to half a score.
 I want (alas! can mortal dare
 Such bliss on earth to crave?)
 That all the girls be chaste and fair,
 And all the boys be brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
 To cheer the adverse hour;
 Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
 Nor bend the knee to power;
 A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
 My inmost soul to see;
 And that my friendship prove as strong
 For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,
 The ensigns of command;
 Charged by the people's unbought grace
 To rule my native land.
 Nor crown nor scepter would I ask,
 But from my country's will;
 By day, by night, to ply the task
 Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
 To follow me behind,
 And to be thought in future days
 The friend of human kind;
 That after ages, as they rise,
 Exulting may proclaim
 In choral union to the skies,
 Their blessings on my name.

These are the *wants* of mortal *man*,
 I can not want them long,
 For life itself is but a span,
 And earthly bliss—a song.
 My last great want—absorbing all—
 Is, when beneath the sod,
 And summoned to my final call,
 The *mercy* of my *God*.

Washington, D. C., August 31, 1841.

FLORIDA AS IT WAS.

BY CHARLES M. HIGGINS.

Florida is the oldest state in the Union, and yet she is the youngest. She is the oldest in point of discovery, but youngest in point of development. In 1512 the Spaniards, under Ponce de Leon, first set foot on Florida soil. They came here filled with that greatest of Spanish inspirations—the desire for conquest and riches. Ponce de Leon was spurred on by another desire, greater than that for conquest and wealth; it was to find the Fountain of Youth, of which he had heard, and of which it was said that a plunge into the depths of its silvery water would restore the aged to perpetual youth. They fought their way through Indians, alligators, serpents, and malaria, in search of the riches they had heard were to be found here—*el fuente sano*, the Fountain of Youth. They were so well pleased with the country and its luxuriant vegetation, that they named the country, "Florida," the Land of Flowers.

Ponce de Leon pushed his way westward, searching and inquiring for the waters that were to give youth to his body and suppleness to his limbs. He was disappointed; yet not more so than many of those of the present day, who, being so near the grave with consumption, and other dread diseases, that nothing short of a miracle can cure them, come to Florida expecting to be restored to perfect health; but being too far advanced in their disease, their friends abuse the country, and say it is a curse rather than a blessing to an invalid.

After Ponce de Leon, came Fernando de Soto, who, becoming dissatisfied, like Cortez and Pizarro, of obtaining untold wealth by merciless bloodshed, left the country. It was on this expedition that he discovered the Mississippi River. In 1565 a Spanish colony was established at St. Augustine, whose descendants form the greater part of the inhabitants of that ancient town at the present time. In 1763 the English established a colony on Indian River, in the southeastern part of the state. They made considerable improvement during the next twenty years. By the treaty of 1783 Florida was retroceded to Spain, and the greater part of the inhabitants deserted the country and settled in the United States, and it was left almost entirely neglected until 1818, when it was ceded to the United States by Spain. Citizens of the states then began emigrating to Florida, where they engaged in the cultivation of semitropical fruits, cotton, corn, and cane. There was a foe to progress in the state, however, in the shape of the Seminole Indians, who for many years baffled the utmost efforts of the United States to subdue them. They loved this land of flowers, where the dense forests abounded in choice game and

wild fruits, and hence they yielded more reluctantly to the pale face than in any other state in this Union. They formed the greatest obstacle to progress from 1812 to 1837—the date of their subjugation. This period in the history of Florida is indicated in the seal of the state.



Considerable progress had been made in orange culture previous to 1835, but in February of that year there came the heaviest frost ever known in Florida. The thermometer, according to one authority, indicated 17°, and according to another 7°, Fahrenheit. Whatever the temperature may have been, it was sufficient to kill to the ground every orange tree in the state. It also killed almost all of the fruit in Key West, and did much damage to fruits in Cuba. This was a great discouragement to orange growers, and nearly broke up the business. Trees one hundred years old at St. Augustine were killed to the ground, but those who were sharp enough sawed off their trees at the ground, and in two years had oranges again. The people had just recovered from the "big frost," when, in 1842, the Scale insect appeared, and, according to a man who was here at the time, "they were as thick as the hair on a man's head." They killed what had recovered from the frost, and fruit growers were badly discouraged. Of course during this time, "King Cotton" was all the rage in the interior and western part of the State. Every thing had fully got under way again when Fort Sumter was fired on, and

that was worse for Florida industry than Indians, frost, or Scale insect. Thus an often asked question, "Why is Florida so far behind the other states?" is answered by saying, that during forty-six years, from 1817 to 1865, she had to contend with Indians eighteen years, a big frost which crippled every thing for several years, the Scale insect (worse than the frost), and the rebellion, lasting five years. This brings me to 1866, or the period of the invasion by the invalids, carpet-baggers, and orange-growers; the account of which I will give in my next letter on "Florida as it is."

WHAT IS SWEETER THAN HONEY?
WHAT IS STRONGER THAN A LION?

BY MRS. D. J. EVANS.

[Taken from the "Whetstone," the Franklin Society paper, read by W. P. Knode, February 26, 1876.]

What is sweeter than honey?
What is stronger than a lion?

These were the words of Samson's friends in answer to a puzzle which he gave them. It was satisfactory to him; but I will mention what I think is sweeter than honey. A young lady full of sympathy with whatever is modest, pure, beneficent, becoming, and elevating. Young and older ladies who are in sympathy with any thing that is truly charming are themselves charming. In a lady disrespect for parents, for friends, for the opinions of the good, for the love of God, is especially unbecoming. More attractive to a pure heart than honey to the unpurged palate, is the young lady who obeys her mother, who does not treat her father as hired help, and who is careful of her companions' feelings—in fact, has common sense mixed with modest pride and piety. Sweeter than honey is the patient mother,

whose wisdom, gentleness, love for her children and her husband, make home a place of joy and comfort. Sweeter than honeycomb is the silver-haired grandmother when in the eve of life "her children rise up and call her blessed." To my mind, stronger than a lion is the boy who, with mother's kiss upon his lips, her love filling his soul, the fear of God filling his heart, scorns deception, shuns the wrong, knows he is right, and goes ahead. Stronger than a lion is the young man, who, with a noble mind, pure heart, true ambition, delights to be the pride of his sister and the honor of his parents. Stronger than a lion is the noble husband, who prays at home, is honest abroad, and at all times strives to be an example to his family. Sublimier than a lion in his strength is the grandfather, who, when the almond tree does flourish, stands on the brink of time, from temptation safe, by trials and sorrows established a saint.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

BY N. SUMMERBELL.

Observed from any point of view, in heaven or earth, the most interesting institution in existence is the Christian Church. It has Jehovah for its founder, the great Son of God from heaven for its King, the Holy Spirit for its chancellor, angels for its ministering spirits, inspired prophets and apostles for its legislators, and the holy ones of earth and heaven for its citizens. It is the house of the Son of God for all his Father's family, the home of all saints; God's building, God's house, God's husbandry; the kingdom of heaven on earth. The oldest empires in Europe are modern compared with its origin. It was organized in Jerusalem ere its fall; it saw the temple in its glory, and the Roman em-

pire in its fall. It existed three centuries before the rise of popery, five centuries before the rise of Mohammedanism, fifteen centuries before the rise of Protestantism, and has seen the rise and fall of nearly one hundred kingdoms and over two hundred sects. Its sacred writings began with the beginning of the world; its patriarchs and prophets antedate all kings and governments; its books existed before the earliest libraries; its faith before the earliest creeds. Its work is seen in the redemption of nations from barbarism and souls from death. The effects are found in every advanced civilization; seas covered with commerce; continents dotted all over with churches, colleges, and charities, and its voice circles the earth with mercies, thanksgivings, and worship. Its faith, like the sacred fire of the temple, is preserved in its fundamental form, as it came from the lips of Jehovah; its charity is as illimitable as the love of God; its fellowship is with all the good; its communion with all saints. It is accessible to the infant and the aged, to the high and the low, to the rich and the poor, the black and the white, the bond and the free, at home or abroad, by day or by night, in society or alone, with human priest or without. Its door of fellowship is as broad as the gate of heaven, and its children all who will comprise the family of saints in glory. The Christian church is divine—for it is the body of Christ. It is holy—for it is the habitation of God. It is high—for its top reaches to heaven, where human sects are unknown. It is beautiful—for it is adorned with jewels of God's own choosing; burnished with every heavenly grace and beauty. It is charitable—seeking out the poor and the wretched of every age and complexion. It is immortal—surviving unnumbered persecutions and deaths. It is immutable—since hundreds of sects have in vain labored to change its constitution. It is invulnerable—as the gates of hell can not prevail against it. It is illimitable—no creed limits its faith, no sect bounds its borders, unnumbered its charity, no bigotry diminishes its grace. Its golden gate of love, opened by Jehovah, no pope is able to close, and the best of all is, it brings love to every heart willing to receive it, and its loving arms carries the converts of his grace to their home in heaven.

LESSONS IN ZOOLOGY.

BY PROF. D. J. EVANS.

Science is a systematic knowledge of the laws which God has established in any department of nature.

Zoology is the science of the animal kingdom. It comprises the classification of animals, a description of the different divisions, and an account of the habits of each animal species. This science shows the wisdom of the Creator, and develops an observing disposition. With a thorough knowledge of it, we can appreciate the beauty, that is, by the animal kingdom, displayed for our admiration.

At the present time zoologists are the most formidable enemies of the Bible and Christianity. Hence every believer in the Bible should make himself acquainted with the science, in order that he may meet the enemy on his own ground and overcome him with his own weapons. In this last respect zoology stands in importance, geology excepted, above all departments of knowledge.

Between the highest forms of the animal kingdom and the vegetable, there are many distinctions. The simplest forms of each have, as far

as known, no absolute difference. The oak and the birds that fly among its branches are very unlike. But there is more similarity between acrogenous plants and corals—still more between Rhizopods and Diatoms. There is no boundary line, on one side of which lies the entire animal kingdom, and on the other the entire vegetable kingdom. The only attribute that approximates a line of demarkation is, that animals live on organic food; vegetables on inorganic food. Still some cells which are thought to be vegetable cells require organic food. The boundary lines laid down by Cuvier and authors of subsequent times have been shown to exist only between the highest forms of the two kingdoms.

Animals, which are not microscopic, have a nervous system and a digestive system. These systems are the ground of two plans in the construction of animals. In one plan the main branch of nerves and the alimentary canal are longitudinal and nearly parallel. In the other plan the nervous system encircles the digestive. Each of these plans has two branches. In one branch of the first plan the nervous system lies above the alimentary canal, and in the other below it. In the second plan one branch has a nervous system encircling a horizontal axis; the other has it encircling a vertical axis. From the construction of the body of the animals the branches are verbally called Vertebrates, Articulates, Mollusks, and Radiates.

The body of the Vertebrate has an internal, axial skeleton, consisting of several pieces. These pieces have seven processes, and articulate in such a manner that, by means of the processes, two continuous cavities are formed. The cavity which lies above the axis contains the nervous system; the other, below the

axis, the digestive apparatus. The body of the articulate has bilateral symmetry, and consists of rings. The hardened parts are external. The bee, spider, centipede, crayfish, and the worm are examples of this branch. The Mollusk has a soft body, muscular skin, and often covered by a shell, e. g., oyster, mussel, snail, e'tc. The animals of the fourth branch have a structure that indicate radiation, and are mostly marine. Of the four branches, the Vertebrate is the highest, and the Radiate the lowest. Each of the branches is subdivided into classes; Classes are subdivided into orders. Orders contain families, families contain genera and a genus, species.

(To be continued.)

"LITTLE JOE."

BY JENNIE WOODVILLE.

Tom Wise, a great, big, handsome fellow, with a heart of the same order, was standing at the corner talking to a friend. He held a cigar to his mouth with his left hand, and with his right had just struck a match against the lamp-post, when at—or rather under—his elbow a voice exclaimed cheerily:

"Busted agin, Mas' Tom!"

Tom threw a glance over his shoulder, and there stood "Little Joe," a small, misshapen negro about fifteen years old, with crutches under his arms and feet all twisted out of shape, his toes barely touching the ground as he hopped along. He had on an old straw hat, with only a hint of brim. There must be some law of cohesive attraction between straw and wool, for little Joe's cranium was large, while the hat was small, and set back much nearer the nape of his neck than the crown of his head, yet held its place like the natural excrescence of a horrible bore. Joe had

met with very few people mean enough to laugh at him; for though he possessed all the brightness and cheerfulness and pluck of deformed people generally, there was a wistful look about his eyes which his want of hight and his position on crutches intensified (indeed, perhaps, created), by keeping them upturned while talking with any one taller than himself; and this was generally the case, for there were no grown people as small as little Joe. His shirt was torn and his pantaloons ragged, but to gild these faded glories he wore a swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, which some one had given him, whether from a sense of humor or a sentiment of charity let the gods decide.

"Busted agin, Mas' Tom!"

"What 'busted' you this time, Joe?" asked Mr. Wise.

"Lumber, Mas' Tom. I was in de lumber bizness las' week, buyin' ole shingles an' sellin' 'em for kindlin'; but my pardner, he maked a run on de bank—les'ways on my breeches pocket—and den runned away hisself. Ain't you gwine to sot me up agin, Mas' Tom?"

"What business are you going in to this week?"

"Feckshunnery," replied Joe, taking the quarter Mr. Wise handed him. "Dis'll do to buy de goods, but 'twon't rent de sto', Mas' Tom."

"What store?" asked Mr. Wise.

"Dat big sto' Hunt an' Manson is jest moved outen. Mr. Manson say I may hab it for sebben hundred dollars, ef you'll go my skoorty."

Tom laughed. "Well, Joe, I was thinking I wouldn't go security for anybody this week. Don't you think you can do business on a smaller scale?"

Joe's countenance fell, and he suffered visibly; but a cheering thought presently struck him, and he exclaimed disdainfully: "Anyhow, I

ain't a-keering 'bout Hunt an' Manson's oie sto'—der ole sebben-hundred-dollar sto'! I can get a goods box an' turn it upside down, an' stan' it up by de Cap'tol groun's, an' more folks'll pass 'long an' buy goobers dan would come in dat ole sto' all de year. Dey ain't spitin' *me*!"

As Joe limped off to invest his money, his poor little legs swinging, and his swallow-tails flapping, Tom's friend asked who he was.

"Belonged to us before the war," said Tom. "Poor little fellow! the good Lord and the birds of the air seem to take care of him. I set him up in business with twenty-five cents every week, and look after him a little in other ways. Sometimes he buys matches and newspapers, and sells them again; sometimes he buys ginger-cakes, and eats them all; but he is invariably 'busted,' as he calls it, by Saturday night—— Joe! o-oh, Joe!"

Joe looked back, and, with perfect indifference to the fact that he was detaining Mr. Wise, answered that he would "be dar torectly," continuing his negotiations for an empty goods box lying at the door of a neighboring dry-goods store.

"What you want, Mas' Tom?" he asked on his return.

"Miss Mollie is going to be married week after next, Joe, and you may come up to the house if you like. I was afraid I might forget it."

"Whoop you, sir! Thanky, Mas' Tom. I boun' to see Miss Mollie step off de carpit. But, Lord-a-mussy! dem new niggers you all got ain't gwine to let me in."

"Come to the front door and ask for me. Cut out, now, and don't get 'busted' this week, because I shall need all my money to buy a breast-pin to wait on my sister in. Come, John, let's register."

Joe's glance followed Mr. Wise and his friend till they were out of sight;

then he turned and paused no more till he reached an out-of-the-way grocery store, in the window of which were displayed samples of fish, and soap, and calico, and kerosene lamps, and dreadful brass jewelry, among which was a frightful breastpin in the shape of a crescent, set with red and green glass, and further ornamented with a chain of the most atrocious description conceivable. Before this thing of beauty, which to him had been a joy for weeks, Joe paused and lingered, and smote his little black breast, and sighed the sigh of poverty. Then he went in. "What mout be de price o' dat gent's pin in de corner ob der winder?" he inquired.

"I don't see any gent in the corner of the window," said the proprietor of the store.

Joe took the mild pleasantry, and inquiring, "What mout be de price o' de pin?" was told that it might be anything—from nothing up—but it could go for seventy-five cents.

He stood again outside the window, looking sadly and reflectively at the attractive bijou, then seated himself on the curbstone, his crutches resting in the gutter, and thoughtfully smoothed between his finger and thumb the twenty-five cent note Mr. Wise had given him: "Ef I takes dis, an' de one Mas' Tom gwine to gimme nex' week, dat'll be fifty cents, but it won't be seventy-five, so I got to make a quarter on de two. Ef Miss Mollie knowed, I 'spec' she would wait anoder week to git married, an' den' I wouldn't run no resk o' dese; but I aint gwine to tell her, cos I know she couldn't help tellin' Mas' Tom, an' I want to s'prise him. Mas' Tom is made me feel good a many time; I want to make him feel good wunst. He don't nuvvur came dis way, an' aint seed dat pin, or he would ha' had it fore now."

Then little Joe bestirred himself, and, obtaining the assistance of a friend, took his dry goods box up to Capitol Square. There he turned it upside down, spread a newspaper over the top, and proceeded to display his wares.

A pyramid of three apples stood in one corner; a small stack of peppermint candy was its *vis-a-vis*; a tiny glass of peanuts graced the third, and was confronted by a lemon that had seen life, and was more sere than yellow. But the crowning glory was the center-piece—an unhappy-looking pie of visage pale and thin physique, and yet how beautiful to Joe! He stepped back on his crutches, turning his head from side to side as he surveyed the effect, took up a locust branch he had brought with him to brush away the flies, and, leaning against the iron railing, with calm dignity awaited coming events.

His glance presently fell on the figure of a negro boy, who stood gazing with longing eyes on the delicacies of his table, and it was with a strange feeling of kinship that little Joe continued to regard the newcomer, for he, too, had been branded by misfortune. He appeared about Joe's age, and should have been taller, but his legs had been amputated nearly up to the knee, and as he stood on the pitiful stumps, supported by a short cane in one hand, his head was hardly as high as the iron railing. He had none of Joe's brightness, but looked ragged and dirty, and hungry, and evidently had no Mas' Tom to help the good Lord and the birds of the air to take care of him. His skin was of a dull ashen hue, and the short wool which clung close to his scalp was sunburnt till it was red, and crisp, and formed a curious contrast to his black face. One arm was bare—only the ragged remains of a sleeve hanging over

the shoulder—and it seemed no great misfortune that his legs had been shortened, for he had hardly pantaloons enough to cover what he had left.

He looked at the pie, and Joe looked at him. Presently the latter inquired seriously, "Whar yo' legs?"

"Cut off," was the answer.

"How come dey cut off?"

"Feet was fros'-bit. Like ter kill me."

"What yo' name?" asked Joe.

"Kiah."

"What were yo' ole mas' name?"

"Didn't have no ole mas'."

"Was you a natchul free nigger?"

"Dunno what you mean," said Kiah.

"'Fore we was all sot free," explained Little Joe. "Wos you born wid a ole mas' an' a ole mis', or was you born free?—jes' natchully free."

"Free," said Kiah, thus placing himself, as every Southerner knows, under the ban of Joe's contempt. "Umph! Dat pie sholy do smell good!"

"You look hungry," said Joe, gravely.

"I is," said Kiah, "hongry as a dog."

Negroes are generous creatures, and Joe's mind was fully made up to give Kiah a piece of pie; but before he signified this benevolent intention he rested his crutches under his shoulders, and swung his misshapen feet almost in Kiah's face. He leered at him; he grinned at him; he stuck his chin in his face, and made a dash at him with the crown of his head; finally slapping his sides and swinging his heels to the following edition of "Juba," repeated with incredible rapidity and indescribable emphasis:

Ruby-eyed 'simmon seed,
See Billy hoppin' jes' in time;
Juba dis and Juba dat,
Juba killed de yaller cat.

Roun' de kittle o' 'possum fat,
Whoop a-hoy! Whoop a-hoy!
Doublestep o' Juba!
Forty pound of candle grease
Settin' on de mantel-piece.
Don't you see ole Granny Grace?
She look so homely in de face.
Up de wall and down de 'tition,
Gimme ax sharp as sickle,
Cut de nigger's wooken pipe.
What, eat up all de snassengers!
Git up dar, you little nigger!
Can't you pat Juba?

He stopped suddenly and grinned ferociously at Kiah gazed stolidly back at Joe. Then Joe stepped to the table, took up a rusty old pocket-knife, and cutting out a piece of the pie handed it to Kiah. Kiah bit off a point of the triangle with his eyes fixed on Joe, as if in doubt whether he would be allowed to proceed, but finding that the liberty was not resented, he eagerly devoured the remainder, drew his coat sleeve across his mouth, and said, "Thanky." And thus their friendship commenced.

It was very touching and beautiful, the attachment which was formed between these two unfortunate creatures. Neither could perform the labor or join in the sports incident to his age, and they seemed drawn together by the attraction of a common misery. Every day, some little service, pitiful in its insignificance except to themselves, some little humble office from one to the other, some little act of self-denial—perhaps the saving of a few cold potatoes that had been given to Kiah, or the sacrifice of a buttered roll that Joe had got at Mr. Wise's—every day some little thing served to cement this friendship, which gave to each a companion who did not mortify him; and they became inseparable—Joe taking Kiah to the little shed where he spent his nights, and making him an equal partner in business during the day.

(To be continued.)

"OUR WORK."

BY REV. H. M. EATON.

It is certainly true that we have taken but little pains to make ourselves known *denominationally*. The *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, one of the best papers in the world, goes into but few families outside of our own church; and the editor, whose heart is always in the right place, can not say what he desires to concerning our own schools.

We live in a great country, and, with few exceptions, are strangers to each other, and OUR WORK will become a *medium of introduction*. It will make us acquainted with our institutions of learning, and with the men who are sustaining them. We shall also make the acquaintance of our teachers, and see something of their work.

We New Englanders will feel inclined occasionally to speak of "Proctor." This is the only New England school controlled *wholly* by the Christians. Under the fostering care of Bro. Morrill, its efficient principal, the school gradually increases in interest and power in spite of the "hard times."

I love the *Herald* none the less because I have read the first number of OUR WORK. We need *both*, and both should be liberally sustained. They can not fail of doing good.

Next to a diary the most difficult thing to keep is a lead pencil.

The real place for revolution-ary scenes—Machinery Hall.

THERE is a growing feeling among the American people that the man who can hear a fellow mortal complain of a cold in the head, and abstain from telling him what to do for it, is the man who should be the next president.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ENCOURAGEMENT.—Every mail brings us letters filled with words of good cheer, that make our hearts glad and give us new hope for the future. Many of these come from entire strangers, and from their words of praise, and sometimes of honest, friendly advice and criticism, we judge that OUR WORK is welcome in many of the homes to which we send it. It is impossible to publish a magazine that will exactly please every one, but we shall constantly keep before us the best ideal our mind is capable of producing; and if God continues to bless us with good, honest friends, who are not afraid to praise as well as advise and criticise, we feel confident that this ideal shall some day be realized. Already OUR WORK goes to every northern state except Delaware, to many of the territories, and to some of the southern states. With this circulation it can not help doing much for our schools, and our work in general.

OUR NATIONAL SHAME.—Every American citizen should feel personal shame and dishonor when he remembers that brewers and distillers are permitted to display and sell their cursed wares within the Centennial grounds. We are proud of our country, proud of the record she has made, and proud of the preparations that have been made to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of her birthday, yet we can not so glory in our shame as to welcome into these festive halls the representatives of our national sin and weakness. Worthy societies organized for good have failed to find room within the Centennial buildings, while the venders of rum are given conspicuous places. The Bible and Tract Society secured space to show

their publications, but will not be permitted to sell. Thus the commissioners have deliberately given the devil's agents the advantage in "spiritual" affairs at the Centennial. When we ask why it is so, the reply comes, even from members of the commission, "It was done for money." When we ask why rogues are put in office, or why men in office become rogues, the invariable answer is, "Money bought them." Oh, for men who, like that one of old, would say: "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I can not go beyond the commandment of the Lord, to do either good or bad of mine own mind; but what the Lord saith, that will I do."

LECTURES.—The morning lectures by the professors was one of the most interesting features of the term just closed. President Smith lectured every morning for several weeks on "Civil Government," and those who listened well obtained a very good knowledge of the subject. Professor Evans gave lectures on "Morals and Manners," Professor Ford on "Word Analysis," Professor Watson on "Township System of Government Surveys," paying, also, particular attention to the marking of corners, conventional signs, meanderings, etc. The whole course was very popular, and added to the interest of the term.

ITEMS.—For some unaccountable reason, the items from Stanfordville and LeGrand have failed to arrive on time for this number.

CONTRIBUTIONS.—We prefer that our contributors should sign their real names, because one object of our magazine is to establish communication between the schools and their old students and friends; and if those who write sign fictitious names, the articles will lose a great deal of interest.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—"The Life and Writings of Oliver Goldsmith," found in this number, was written by S. J. Pardee, Class of '76, Union Christian College, for an ordinary rhetorical exercise. We consider it equal to any article of its kind we ever read anywhere, and worthy of a place in any magazine. It appears rather long, but those who give it a careful reading will be well paid. The engraving which illustrates it, and forms the frontispiece, is from the best plate, and was procured, at considerable expense, from the office of *The Home and School*, Louisville, Kentucky.

SEATS OF LEARNING.—The phrase *seat of learning* almost always excites pleasant thoughts in the mind of a scholar. But it is doubtful if there is not a glamour thrown over the subject by the use of the words. Contrast the phrases *seat of learning* and *seat of teaching* with each other, and the idea appears which is hidden when only one of them is used.

Colleges and universities have too often been *seats of learning* rather than *seats of teaching*. Endowments and privileges have too often been appropriated to the benefit of resident scholars, so that colossi of learning have been developed at the *seats of learning* while the general public has remained in great ignorance. It is probable that the cause of general culture is best served by distribution of funds in many localities, and by a corresponding residence of learned men in different parts of the country. The present cry for a concentration of funds upon the universities already established is not the cry of patriotism nor of Christianity. It is the demand of *literati* (or of those in sympathy with them or under their influence), who frequently, and in pure selfishness, desire the gathering of the learned men of a country in-

to a single locality, that the atmosphere in which they move may be wholly literary. The culture which a man has received sometimes has not the effect of broadening his disposition—it rather seems to narrow him; he is unable to endure the society of the unlearned; he calls them bores; he regards them a different species of animal; he has no interest in their cultivation, and despises labor among them. A seat of learning affords a refuge for such a man as this. There he finds agreeable companions; there he acquires culture from his associates instead of contracting uncouth habits; there he comes in contact with great minds who can appreciate his own thought and cultivation.

But what is the consequence of this? Simply this: many a man, who would be useful as an active teacher if he were isolated as to learned comrades, is useless in the world, his days being spent in the acquisition of that which shall never be imparted to others. He is like a pool rather than a flowing stream. The pool may have grassy slopes, smooth edges, and considerable depth; but it is not as useful as the brook, although its sides may be jagged, its course crooked, its depth inconsiderable, and its surface often broken.

Still more. The effect is the same upon the literati who are not selfish. All—generous in spirit, and narrow in spirit,—are swallowed up in the great lake of knowledge at the seat of learning. Were it not that the interests of the very highest education and the needs of original research demand such institutions, they would be more injurious than beneficial.

The outcry against the multiplication of small colleges and seminaries on account of the hindrance to the success of the larger universities, is as unreasonable as would be a clamor

on the part of rich men against the efforts of poor men to gain wealth; because, indeed, the division of business and profits among so many is a hindrance to the easy acquisition of enormous riches by the few. We all know this to be true; but we also know that the interests of civilization, liberty, and Christianity cause us to rejoice in a general distribution of wealth. The occasional great gift of a millionaire is often of doubtful good to the world on account of the habits of idleness and dependence which such gift tends to foster. But small possessions in the hands of many encourage men, leading to thrift, economy, and enterprise.

But some one may say that learning is so different that we must not argue thus; that it is like a fire, if we separate the fagots they die, but bring them together and there is a grand conflagration. Grant that this is so; we do not want the conflagration, for it is comparatively useless. It may be grand and beautiful, but few can be warmed and lighted by it. Suppose there are five hundred families in a township. Some enthusiast might say, "Let every family bring its candle or lamp to the center of the township, that we may have a pure, a grand—indeed, a thoroughly successful light." He would be laughed to scorn, and justly; for though such a light might be a pleasure and a profit to the few who might be near at hand, it would be at the expense of darkness and gloom for the many.

The great objection to numerous colleges, that they must be poor, is simply a business matter. That will regulate itself on financial principles. Let not the business question be made a part of the educational problem, else such confusion as this will arise: you will think (just as many persons do) that the college that has \$500,000 will have five times as much

learning as the college that only has \$100,000, or that the learning is of five times as good a quality. On similar ground, a man might argue that if a horse that cost \$10,000, in two minutes and sixteen seconds could trot a mile, a horse that would cost \$50,000, in the same time could trot five miles; or, if the expenditure of a certain amount of steam could carry a train thirty miles an hour, the expenditure of five times that amount would carry it one hundred and fifty miles an hour. The business point must be kept distinct from, though closely associated with, the educational point.

Three universities are enough for our nation; many colleges are needed.

J. J. S.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Suffolk Gem* is a bright little paper published by the Lee Literary Society of Suffolk Collegiate Institute, Suffolk, Virginia. A poem, entitled "First in the Foremost Ranks," is worthy of high praise. The *Gem* is just started, and we prophesy for it a long life and much usefulness.

The *Hesperian Student*, of the University of Nebraska, is a very readable paper. The college news, however, savors more of love and love-making than of literary pursuits.

The *Laurence Collegian*, of Lawrence University, Wisconsin, is one of our best exchanges. We read it through, and found nothing objectionable.

The *Carlisle Register* is a new paper of our county, edited by William Herron. We have received the first number, and consider it a very good home paper.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

Merom, Indiana, June, 1876.

A. S. TUDENT, - - Local Editor.

PERSONALS.

Dr. Frank Harper left Merom for the Centennial a few days ago.

Z. M. Holcomb has settled down at Fulton, Iowa, a contented married man.

Miss Cynthia Hill's address is Pontiac, Illinois. She is a subscriber to OUR WORK.

William T. Moss, of Center Point, Indiana, is now traveling in Florida, seeing sights.

Miss Lillis Austin read, a few weeks ago, a most excellent number of "The Whetstone" before the Franklin Society.

Geo. W. Wright paid a short visit to Merom a few days ago. We would gladly have enjoyed his company longer.

J. B. Newlin and lady, of Annapolis, Illinois, were over last month to witness with us the "Fruits of the Wine Cup."

Prof. Lewis Prugh, well known to former students of U. C. College, is president of Vincennes University of this state.

Dr. Holmes, visited Merom last week (May 30th,) on his way to the Centennial from Michigan. He is looking well. Mrs. Holmes, who has just recovered from a severe illness, accompanied him.

Milo P. Ward, Class of '76, was not permitted to enjoy Commencement Exercises on account of a severe illness, lasting several weeks. His absence was regretted by all. We are glad that he is growing better very rapidly.

Mentzer Ward has been paying a short visit to his friends and fellow-students at Merom. He will enter college again next year.

A. N. Stowell, formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, is now at Princeville, Illinois. He is a member of the firm of Blanchard & Stowell, lumber dealers, etc., of that city.

Rev. David M. Shoemaker, Class of '71, took his seat this year as a trustee of this college. His preaching in southwestern Indiana is very acceptable, and productive of much good.

Prof. M. S. Wilkinson, Class of '75, who for the last year has been principal of Center Point High School, will conduct a "Normal" at Center Point in the Month of July. Mastin is known throughout that section of country as a most earnest and successful educator.

LOCALS.

We go to press before we learn any thing about the action of the trustees now in session (June 6th.)

"The Fruits of the Wine Cup," given about the middle of this term, was well attended, and netted a goodly amount to the Franklin Society. Davis, Morgan, Pardee, and Miss Knight were the stars.

A very large number of trustees of college were elected this year. The following were elected at the stockholders' meeting, June 6th: Rev. A. R. Heath, Merom; Rev. Graves, Merom; Rev. J. T. Phillips, Graysville; Dr. N. Summerbell, Conneaut, Ohio; John Buff, Merom; Thos. Stanley, Merom, Ind.

Full report of the Commencement Exercises will be given next month. We can only say now that they promise to be very good. The present class, numbering seven young men, is the largest the college has as yet produced. We understand that the publisher of OUR WORK is having an engraving of the class prepared for the next number of the magazine.

The following from the *Cornell Era*, is so applicable here that we give it, with some slight modifications:

A senior had a little cane,
A nice class cane, you know,
And everywhere that senior went,
His cane was sure to go.

He carried it about the town,
And up to "college skule;"
The people stared, the students laughed,
To see the senior fool.

Yet still he carried it about,
In spite of gibe and sneer;
For seldom does his foolishness
Unto the fool appear.

"Why does that senior love his cane?"

The people all did cry.

"Why, that is all that makes him great,"

A freshman did reply.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE STUDENTS OF OTHER COLLEGES.—The Philomathean Society of Philadelphia, has appointed the following Centennial Committee: Messrs. F. A. Lewis, jr., John Neill, jr., Geo. S. Philler, E. G. McCollin, W. R. Lowrey, and J. B. Jest. The object of this committee is to tender the society's hospitalities to members of other colleges who may be visiting our city during the Exposition. For this purpose the Philomathean rooms and library will be open during the summer, and we trust that any students who are in Philadelphia within the coming six months will consider themselves at home in Philo's halls. Any information concerning the Exposition will be gladly furnished by the committee.

MEROM, IND., June 7, 1876.

Pursuant to a call, the alumni met in the reading-room of U. C. College. Pres't Smith chosen president *pro tem.*, M. S. Wilkinson sec'y. Moved and adopted that an alumni association be formed. Moved that a committee of three be appointed to draft by-laws and constitution, to be presented at our next meeting. Committee—L. F. Watson, T. C. Smith, and Mrs. John Ford. Committee on programme—Mr. Pardee, L. F. Watson, and Miss S. McKinney. On motion, D. M. Shoemaker was elected president, to serve till his successor is elected; Miss Sade McKinney, vice-president; M. S. Wilkinson, secretary. Moved that the next meeting be held at our next college commencement, subject to a call from the president and secretary. On motion, we adjourned.

T. C. SMITH, Pres't.
M. S. WILKINSON, Sec'y.

MARRIAGES.

At the residence of the bride's parents, on May —, John Hammond, Mt. Morris, Illinois, and Vallie Starbuck, Lebanon, Indiana.

At the residence of the bride's parents, on June 8th, Larue Gordon, Robinson, Illinois, and Allie Colvin, of this town.

At the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Thos. Holmes, D.D., on June 1st, Joseph Wilson, Washington, Indiana, and Eunice Humphrey, of Merom, Indiana.

At the residence of the bride's parents, in Bowling Green, Indiana, on the 15th ult., Homer Hicks, Class of '73, and Miss Sylvia Bogle, all of Clay County. The pair left for an extensive tour the same evening in Indian Territory, Boston, Centennial, and New York.

STARKEY SEMINARY.

Eddytown, N. Y., May, 1876.

Prof. R. D. EVANS, A. B., Local Editor.

[Contributions to this department are earnestly solicited. Any bit of information concerning an old student or a former teacher, will be most welcome, if addressed to R. D. Evans, Eddytown, New York.]

PERSONALS.

Rev. Henry Rhodes is in charge of the church at Springtown, New Jersey.

A. L. Beuhan, class of '75, has been teaching at Reading, New York.

Miss Della Babcock is principal of the graded school at Bradford, Schuyler County, New York.

Rev. William Wade has accepted a call to the church at Johnsonburg, New Jersey. He succeeds Rev. George Tenney.

Rev. E. T. Abbott has left his charge at Orangeport, New York, and settled at Knoxville, Pennsylvania.

Miss Melissa Boyce, our teacher of painting last year, has been spending the winter with friends in Pennsylvania.

Prof. O. F. Ingalsbe has moved his family to Freehold, in the eastern part of the state, where he has been preaching for some time.

Fred. L. Loveless, another member of '75, has been spending a part of the present term at the seminary, for the purpose of taking a short supplementary course.

Menzo Borthwick is principal of the public school at south Westerlo, New York. His work has been quite successful. He was assisted during the winter by Miss Belle Col- um, also one of Starkey's students. } eighteen students went out from the seminary to teach during the summer.

Miss J. J. Thomas, formerly a teacher of the classics at Starkey, and afterward a student at Cornell University, represented that institution in the Greek examination, at the last intercollegiate contest at New York, and was so successful as to carry off the first prize. We might add that she is no longer Miss Thomas, but now bears the name of Mrs. Irvine. } The school commissioner of Yates County held an examination of teachers at the seminary, April 25. A class of forty, composed mainly of students of the school, presented themselves. Of the number, thirty-three received certificates.

Rev. A. McKinney, of Troy, Ohio, visited us last month, on his way to the Centennial. While here he treated us to a most pleasing and instructive lecture on the "Inside Track." } The opening of the Centennial, May 10, was celebrated at the seminary by our patriotic youths. A new flag-pole was elevated, the banner swung forth, anvils fired, and the whole crowned by a brief and stirring address by Prof. McHenry.

Rev. J. C. Tryon, who was called to the church at this place last October, assumed his charge April 1. He is well liked, and we think good can not fail to result from his connection with us. } The first installment of the "building fund" has been received, and will speedily be put to use. It is the intention of the trustees to rebuild the northern part of the boarding hall, now used as a lumber-room, so as to make it available for the use of students. A new door, also, is to be cut into the recitation-room used by Mr. Van Stone.

LOCALS.

The boarding-hall has changed hands; Mr. Freeman, the steward, now runs it. } One of the best indications of the standing of a school is the proportion of its students engaged in the pursuit of higher branches. The following is the showing for Starkey this (spring) term: Number studying rhetoric, 7; word analysis, 7; higher arithmetic, 11; algebra (distributed in three classes), 24; geometry (an accommodation class), 2; surveying, 6; botany, 14; geology, 14; Latin reader, 10; Greek (beginning), 6; Virgil (just finishing the six books), 3; Anabasis, 4; German, 5.

Considerable labor has been expended this spring in beautifying the grounds. Some grading has been done, and over fifty trees set out. } At the end of the winter term The faculty for the coming year

will be the same as the present one, excepting the department of painting—the present teacher, Miss Waite, having resigned. We are sorry to lose Miss Waite, as she has succeeded in gaining the esteem of all her pupils. Her successor has not yet been decided upon.

PROCTOR ACADEMY.

Andover, N. H., June, 1876.

Rev. A. H. MORRILL, A. M., Local Editor.

PERSONALS.

The opening number of OUR WORK has been received and welcomed. We are much pleased here with its appearance, and feel that its success should not be doubtful. We are glad that the long-felt want of a medium of communication between the schools, which should make them acquainted with one another and unite them more warmly in their common work, is met so well. OUR WORK shall have all the aid and sympathy that Starkey can give.

Miss H. E. Haley, of same class, is in the Biblical School.

F. E. Rowell, same class, is principal of High School, Kittery, Maine.

Miss Rowell, the preceptress, was obliged to be out of school the last two weeks on account of sickness.

E. J. Goodwin, A. M., class of '68, Wolfboro Institute, is principal of High School, Farmington, New Hampshire.

ALUMNI REUNION.—The following is a programme of the alumni exercises to be given at Starkey Seminary, Wednesday evening, June 28, 1876:

G. A. Nason, a graduate of our school, while at Wolfboro, was in town recently, and gave us a call. He is editor of the *Brookfield* (Mass.) *News*.

1. Singing.
2. Address of welcome by Prof. B. F. McHenry, class 1866.
3. Response: (To be filled.)
4. Singing.
5. Poem by W. E. Bassler, class 1869.
6. Singing.
7. Essay by Willard Beahan, class 1873.
8. Singing.
9. Oration by Fred. L. Loveless, class 1875.
10. Singing.
11. Benediction.

Every alumnus and alumna is earnestly requested to be present. A grand time is expected.

B. F. McHENRY, Pres't.
W. E. BASSLER, Sec'y.

LOCALS.

Annual meeting of the corporation, June 1st. It was an important meeting.

During the present school year about \$175 has been raised for library and apparatus.

Work has been resumed on the new boarding-house. How much done will depend somewhat upon the funds.

Our advice to all our friends who are interested in our educational enterprises, is to take, read, and contribute to OUR WORK.

The spring term has been attended by forty-seven pupils. A large number of these left at the middle of the term to engage in teaching, while several have left to work upon the farms.

The students have sustained two societies the past year, which are designed for improvement in speaking, writing, and debating, which meet weekly. A public meeting is usually held at the close of each term.

A school entertainment in April netted \$20, for the library fund. An Old Folks Concert, May 12, added \$17 more. The fund has reached about \$110; so the Cyclopaedia is obtained, and several other books will be purchased.

The spring term closed June 2d, after which the pastor expects to attend the New England Convention at Eastport, Maine, and then to spend a few days in Philadelphia, after which he will return to Hill, New Hampshire, his pastoral charge, and attend to pastoral duties.

Fall term of thirteen weeks begins Tuesday, August 22, 1876. It is especially desirable that students be present on the opening day of the term, and that they remain until its close. No student should be absent a day, except on account of sickness or other extreme case. Absence is a serious hindrance to good progress.

The annual catalogue is just from the press of O. A. Town, Franklin Falls, New Hampshire, who was several terms a student at our school, at Wolfboro. It is nicely printed, and is the best catalogue we have issued for many years. The aggregate attendance for the year has been 161; whole number of different students, 91.

WEAUBLEAU INSTITUTE.

Humansville, Mo., June, 1876.

WILLIAM J. HAWKINS, Local Editor.

PERSONALS.

Dr. Barber is giving lessons in vocal music.

Miss T. L. Cooley has gone home to engage in teaching.

Mr. A. A. Crouch is teaching school in Quincy, Missouri.

Mr. A. Murphy has been giving a series of lessons in penmanship.

Miss Clara D. Millsaps is editing the "*Banner of Light*" this term.

Mr. John Parker and wife are absent this spring, visiting his mother in Winchester, Iowa.

Miss Mollie Heazle is teaching in the vicinity of Appleton City, St. Clair County, Missouri.

Mr. S. Wilson and family, of Hermitage, Mo., were present at the examination and concert.

Prof. Topwood, of the Humansville High School, paid us a visit during the first of the term.

Dr. S. E. Barber is getting considerable practice this spring. Treatment generally successful.

Mr. E. T. McKinn, a former student of this school, is practicing his profession of dentistry at Humansville, Missouri.

Miss Laura Alexander, of Appleton City, Mo., who attended this school during last year, writes that she has just closed a five months' school near that place.

LOCALS.

Mr. C. G. McMahon, proprietor of the Weaubleau boarding-house, has sold his farm lying a half mile north of the school building.

The officers of the Literary Society are Mr. A. Murphy, president; Mr. E. J. Kelly, vice-president; Mr. M. F. Butler, secretary; and Miss Candace Barns, treasurer.

Mr. J. J. Joslyn, photographer, of Osceola, Missouri, made a short stay here, took a profile of the school building, and also of the school in a group. Students who wish, can obtain a copy.

The first case of mortality among the students of this institute occurred on the 30th of March. Mrs. Celia Bowens. She was one of the six students present at the first organization, September 22, 1873.

Dr. H. Lear, who taught vocal music here last term, has since taught a class at Quincy, Missouri, and now has a second class waiting for him at the same place. He is a successful teacher, consequently is not out of employment.

The public entertainment on the evening of May 5th, was tolerably well attended, considering the rush among farmers. The exercises were very good, especially "The Papers." It contained some articles which gave a very creditable display of the talent of the school.

Mr. J. H. Longan has left the school for the purpose of teaching in the public school. He is engaged in a school, and we have no fear but what he will manage it successfully. He intends entering the school again next fall as a student in the regular academic course.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

The long-looked-for opening day of the great Centennial International Exposition has come and gone, and with it has come and gone an immense multitude of people. This language may seem strong to you, but to me, when I think of the crowd, it seems even weak. As far as I am able to learn, one was killed in the great jam, and but few at all hurt. The prediction that the numerous new hotels near the Exposition grounds would not do much is an untrue one; everything around them seems filled with new life.

The Empress of Brazil arrived on Saturday before the opening, and was at once waited on by the Brazilian minister, consuls, and commission, Archbishop Wood, and others. On Sunday she attended pontifical high mass at the cathedral. On Monday she accompanied the Ladies' Committee to their pavilion. She travels incog, like the Emperor, and is called Mrs. Alcantara.

President Grant, as usual when in this city, was the guest of the Hon. Geo. W. Childs.

The newspaper press is largely represented; their headquarters are at the rooms of the Press Club, the Board of Trade Hall, Chestnut street, above Fifth. In the hurry and commotion of the opening day, the reporters and correspondents of the daily and weekly papers of the Union were somewhat neglected, nor was it at all observed by the authorities in charge. It is due to

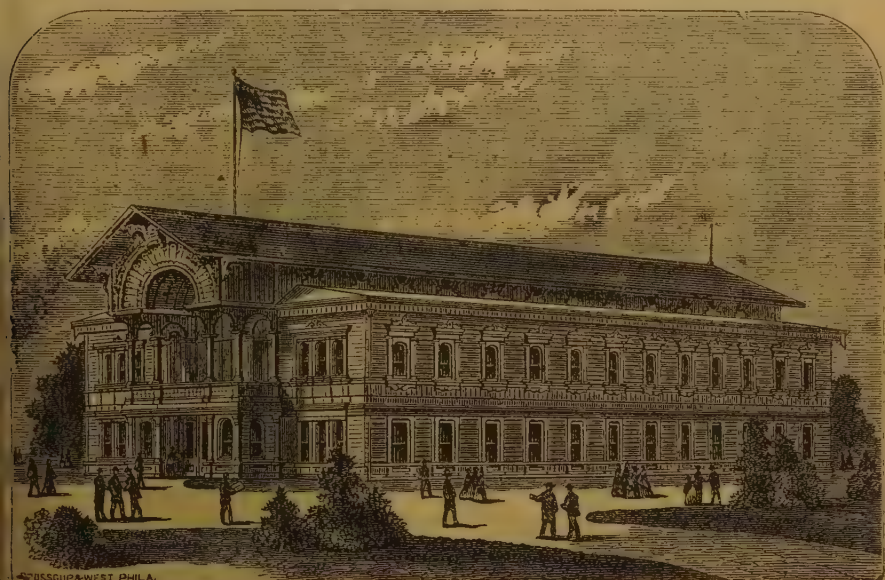
JOHN WANAMAKER

that the mistake was fully corrected. He ordered abundant supplies of all articles needed. This gentleman is the greatest wonder in Philadelphia. He is quite a young man, and has been in business but a few years, yet he has succeeded in establishing in

this city the largest clothing house in the world, not excepting that old and mammoth establishment, Moses & Son, of London. It was through the kindness of Mr. Wanamaker that Messrs. Moody and Sankey were allowed the use of the immense depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for their meetings last winter. In sixty days from the time those meetings adjourned, he opened out in that building his largest clothing house. The best of it all is that he is a devoted Christian, and one of the

most active workers of the Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia.

On Sunday afternoon, before the opening, there arrived at the Pennsylvania depot, for the Centennial, Engine No. 1, THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE ever used on the railroad between here and New York. This engine is very much smaller in size, though carrying a great deal larger cow-catcher than the modern locomotives, and does not possess half the capacity for speed and draught. Attached to the engine were two of the old-



The Newspaper Pavilion.

fashioned passenger cars, greatly resembling our present freight cars, having small 8x10 windows, and painted an ugly green. What a contrast this train presented to the fast express, which swept in a few moments later with shining machinery and elegantly-painted palace cars!

I will not write in my letter of the great buildings, for they have been fully described by a thousand other pens; but, following your instructions, I will call the attention of your readers to other buildings not generally described, and of which but little as yet is known.

THE NEWSPAPER PAVILION,

Erected by Geo. P. Rowell, the great advertising agent, is on the upper side of the lake, on the line between the Machinery Hall and the United States Government building. In this building will be placed on exhibition each of the 7,870 periodicals published in the United States. The interior is perfectly ventilated by a large lantern roof, and therefore the

building deserves the praise of being thoroughly lighted, thoroughly ventilated, and of being admirably arranged for the desired purpose. It may not be so ornamental as some of the structures that will be neighbors to it, but it will yield to none in fitness and desirability.

The progress of our country can better be learned here than anywhere else on the grounds; and probably in nothing else does our country surpass all other countries so much as in journalism.

THE NEW ENGLAND KITCHEN.

This consists of a log house, or cabin without ceiling, having all of the rudeness of the original log house of our grandfathers. There stands "ye spinning-wheel and ye loome" just under the broad smiles of "ye olde clock," one hundred and sixty-two years old. Beautiful ladies go about dressed in the old style, offering to give you an old-fashioned dinner as soon as the dinner-horn sounds—provided you have a dollar to pay for it. It costs nothing, however, to look in on this olden scene, and we advise all lovers of relics to come to the Centennial, if for nothing more than to see this sight alone. The attractions, however, are numbered by the hundred thousands.

PENN.

TEMPTATIONS are true tests, and accordingly are often the best friends we have. The man or woman who has no temptations can never know the strength of principle he or she may possess. The merit of a virtue is brought out when it is beset by an enemy. The world likes the strong and the good, but it never sees it till it has shown itself by severe contact and struggle with the opposing elements, and been on severe trial as it were.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES.

1 st	2 ^d	3 ^d	4 th	5 th	6 th
					

Magnitude of Stars.

On the 20th of June the sun enters the *sign* Cancer. The *constellation* Cancer is, therefore, still visible just above the western horizon. This constellation contains no bright stars, but there is in it a remarkable cluster of stars, called *Præsepe*, the manger, and sometimes the beehive. There is one small bright star just above this cluster, and one not quite so bright just below it. These stars are called the two asses, and are supposed to be feeding from the manger. This sign marks the most northern limit of the sun's passage, and in it the sun commences to go back toward the equator. This backward movement of the sun in this constellation has led to the naming of the sign Cancer, because the crab crawls backward.

Ursa Major is represented under the figure of a great bear. It is a large constellation, containing nearly one hundred and fifty stars visible to the naked eye. The seven bright stars form what is generally called the Great Dipper.



Ursa Major.

Dubhe and Merak are termed "*The Pointers*," since they always point out the polar star, *Polaris*. In England these seven stars form Charles

Wain, from the resemblance to a wagon drawn by three horses tandem. Mizar has an attendant, Alcorn, which grows brighter every year. Several years ago it was called the test, because only the best of eyes could detect it. Megrez lies in the colure passing through the autumnal equinox. This constellation may be seen at dark nearly over our heads.

MYTHOLOGICAL HISTORY OF URSA MAJOR.—Diana had a very beautiful attendant named Callisto. Juno, the queen of heaven, becoming jealous of the maid, transformed her into a bear. After roaming the woods for some time, Callisto's son, Arcas, being out hunting, saw the bear (his own mother), and after pursuing it a long time, finally overtook it. As his hand was about to descend with the spear that should take the bear's life, Jupiter, in pity, exalted them both to the heavens, forming the Ursa Major and Ursa Minor constellations of the north. It is exceedingly remarkable that some of the Indian tribes of America and the shepherds of Asia gave to these constellations the same names.

Venus.—This planet reaches its greatest brilliancy on the 7th, and then grows dim rapidly. But a little time will elapse before it will be invisible in the daytime. It sets at 10:30 P. M. on the 1st, and 8:30 P. M. on the 30th. Its conjunction with the moon in the forenoon of the 26th of last month, as predicted in these notes, was viewed by many at Merom. Its next conjunction with the moon will take place on the 23d. Good eyes will have the pleasure of seeing on a few nights following the 22d, something that happens only a few times in a life-time, viz.—the appearance of four heavenly bodies in the daytime. Just before sundown, at the time indicated, there can be seen

the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Venus* in the west, and *Jupiter* in the southeast—all visible.

Mars sets about 8 o'clock P. M. Owing to its great distance from us, and its nearness to the sun, the twilight following sunset renders this planet invisible.

Jupiter is very readily observed in the southeast at early dark. It is known by its brilliant white light. Its conjunction with the moon occurs on the fifth. Jupiter is south (on the meridian) at 10 o'clock P. M. on the 30th.

Temporary Stars.—At different times stars have suddenly made their appearance, and after reaching their maximum brightness have gradually disappeared again. The first recorded instance of such a star was in the year 125 B. C., witnessed and described by Hipparchus, of Alexandria. Its brilliancy became so great as to be plainly visible in the daytime. In a few weeks it vanished again, perhaps forever. Temporary stars of great splendor were likewise seen in the years 945, 1264, and 1572. The appearance of the star in 1572 was extremely sudden. It became as bright as *Sirius* (the brightest star) in less than an hour. In less than a month it was visible in the broad glare of sunlight. In two months more it had entirely disappeared. In April, 1848, a new star was discovered in Ophiuchus. It soon became a star of the fifth magnitude. In March, 1849, it dwindled to the eighth magnitude, and in June, 1850, it could not be found. Many who read this will remember that in 1866 a star in the northern crown suddenly flashed into existence as *one of the brightest*. In less than a week it was of the fourth magnitude; in a month it was gone.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

Several are still owing us on their subscriptions.

A few more good agents wanted to canvass for OUR WORK. You can at least induce your neighbor or friend to subscribe.

Several are taking advantage of our excellent clubbing list. If you know of any one intending to subscribe for a leading journal, please let them know that for a trifle more than its cost they can also secure OUR WORK one year.

Maggie Southward, Mt. Sterling, Ohio, T. G. Evans, Lewisburg, Pa., L. J. Sipes, Virginia City, Montana, J. H. Longan, Humansville, Mo., J. A. Finley, Harmony, Ind., James F. Quick, and many others, will accept our thanks for substantial favors sent in the way of clubs.

L'Aurore (The Morning Light).—This is the name of a French Protestant weekly newspaper founded in 1866, and published in Montreal, Canada, at \$1.50 (United States \$2) per annum. It contains articles on the important questions of the day; a special correspondence from France on European political and religious matters, as well as general family reading and news, etc.

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Our engraver, John MacDonald, New York City, is now at work upon the engraving of the Class of '76, U. C. College, which will appear in our next number. This plate will require on our part an outlay of a considerable amount of money, and we trust our friends will appreciate this effort to give them a "College Magazine" equal to the best in the country. We believe this is the only journal of its kind in which original illustrations are given. It may not also be generally known that these engravings will cost us several hundred dollars a year.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

KNOXVILLE, PA., May 19, 1876.

DEAR BRO.: I received the first copy of OUR WORK to-day. I am, indeed, *very well pleased with it*. It deserves to *more* than succeed, if such a state could be possible. You have my best wishes.

E. T. ABBOTT.

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